Snores out the watch of night. O majesty!
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,
That scalds with safety. By his gates of breath
There lies a downy feather, which stirs not:
Did he suspire, that light and weightless down
Perforce must move. — My gracious lord! my father! —
This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep,
That from this golden rigol[7] hath divorc'd
So many English kings. Thy due, from me,
Is tears and heavy sorrows of the blood;
Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,
Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously:
My due, from thee, is this imperial crown;
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
Derives itself to me. Lo, here it sits, —

[Putting it on his head.

Which heaven shall guard: And put the world's whole strength
Into one giant arm, it shall not force
This lineal honour from me: This from thee
Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me.

[EXIT.

Warwick! Gloster! Clarence!

Re-enter WARWICK, *and the rest.*

CLA. Doth the king call?

Again, in Ben Jonson's Volpone:

"Get you a *biggin* more, your brain breaks loose."

STEEVENS.

[7] — this golden RIGOL — I *Rigol* means *a circle.* I know not that it is used by any author but Shakspeare, who introduces it likewise in his Rape of Lucrece:

"About the mourning and congealed face
"Of that black blood, a watry *rigol* goes."

STEEVENS.

We meet with *ringol,* which was perhaps the right spelling of

the word, in Nashe's Lenten Stuffe : " What needs there anv
more ambages, the *ringott* or *ringed circle* was compast and chakt
out." MALONE,